



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Muse on the mouldering wall, with ivy
clad,
And say, Thus fades the glory of this
world.*
'Thus shall the conqueror's brow, with
laurel bound,
Drop to its kindred dust:—towns, cities
states,
Kingdoms, and empires, all shall fade
like these.

C.E.

FRIENDSHIP.

O! Heav'n-born Friendship, how I oft
have long'd
To feel thy softest kindest influence;
But still deceiv'd, and cheated of my
hope!
Thou dear, delightful interchange of mind,
Sweetest and best of boons by Heaven be-
stow'd
On man, when shall I taste thee unalloy'd
By this world's dross? Where is thy foun-
tain pure,
Whose limpid wave can wash my cares
away?

Oh! shall I ever in this faithless world
Find one true soul, one honest, steadfast
mind,
To whom I fearless may unlock my heart,
And pour out every thought without re-
serve,
Each secret wish and feeling as they rise?

How dreadful to live single, and cut off
From all the sympathies that sweeten life!
To look around, and find the busy haunts
Of men, a wilderness, a dreary vale,
Where all are strangers to the heart's soft
tents!

Is there a man whose soul is form'd to
feel
Those pure, those dear delights, friend-
ship alone
Can give, (the image of Angelic bliss),
O! let me look upon his Heavenly face,
And mark the traces of superior being.

See the cold worldlings, still intent on
gain,
Hear their professions, listen how they
call
Each man their friend, yet friendship never
know.
No Damon offers now to pledge his
life

* "Sic transit gloria mundi."

For his lov'd friend, no faithful Pythias
now,
Redeems that pledge so generously giv'n.
All now are bent on gold, friendship's no
more,
But fled with virtue back again to heav'n.
C.E.

LOVE.

"Age, jam meorum
Finit amorum."

AND shall I never can you mine?
And must I all my hopes resign?
Was it for this soft wishes sto
In silent rapture thro' my soul?
Was it for this that beaming eye,
First taught my breast to breathe a sigh!
Was it for this I saw that face,
So rich with nature's loveliest grace?
For this I heard these accents sweet,
With virtue, sense, and taste replete?

'Tis done;—the dream of bliss is o'er,
And I must view these charms no more;
No more must gaze upon that eye,
And tell my feelings by a sigh;
No more must watch each lovely grace,
That beams upon that Angel face;
No more must hear those accents sweet,
That once forbade my heart to beat:
Fancy's delusive dream is gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

Seductive hope first bade me try
The changes of a summer's sky;
Allur'd my humble bark from shore,
To tempt the seas where tempests roar;
Then left me to the lawless wind,
Without one ray to cheer my mind:—
The thunders roar, the billows roll.
Despair sits heavy on my soul.

Dec. 13, 1811.

C.E.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

[F the following verses (which were
never before offered for publication,) seem
worthy a place in your excellent Maga-
zine, you will greatly oblige a constant
reader by inserting them. The author had
not completed her fourteenth year, when
she wrote them; and fearing that the sub-
ject was too grave to suit the taste of the
generality of readers, she was diffident in
submitting her production to public in-
spection. She now, however, offers it to
your consideration, conscious that if it be